Florence

My dear Sir,

On this day, July 16, I receive a new Plymouth Journal. As I never knew any resident of New Zealand, excepting yourself, I must necessarily attribute this favor to you. The intelligence contained in the Taranaki is painfully interesting. The natives of your island are a noble and generous race, and have been shamefully ill-treated. Yet nothing can excuse or palliate the murder of the unoffending. The same atrocities are committed by American against American at this present hour. Fertile fields are devastated, peaceful villages burnt down, and every species of cruelty committed by the Northern army. No man abhors slavery more cordially than I do, or ardently prays its abolition throughout the world. But it was an institution in America and Washington, the founder of the republic, was a proprietor of slaves. The North had no better right to deprive the South of its slaves than of its cotton and sugar fields. I proposed that the imports

-ation of slaves should be
prohibited- 2 no parents
should be separated. 3 that
every one who had worked
14 years should be free and
recieve an allotment of suf-
-ficient land for his support
3-that colonies should be
planted, to the number of
200, at a distance of three
hundred miles from the
present inhabited boundary
of the state, and one hundred
one from another. Religion
and other educational teachers
would join them, and the
charitable would supply
them with implements of
husbandry: They would
have no seeds of discord no
diversity of interests, and
they, being by nature and
by habit less quarrelsome than
the people of the (lately)
United States, would be
disciplined to war. The
native tribes would have no
interest in molesting them,
and earthworks round
every village containing a
thousand inhabitants would
be a secure defence against
attack. I wish the inhabit-
-ants of New Zealand could
be brought under one ruler
Zealocho. A few thousand pounds
from the English government
might accomplish it. Less
bribery than has often been
spent in a contested election.
It will give me great pleasure
if I ever hear of your security
and prosperity. Next year I shall
enter my 90th. I often think
of my youngest friend your
father for whom I always
has the highest esteem
Believe me ever sincerely
Yours. W. S. Landor

Syracuse of late.

Alas! how fallen art thou since,
O Syracuse! how many a prince
Of Gallias parti-colored brood
Has swept o'er thee to suck thy blood!
Syracuse! lift again thy head;
Long hast thou slept, but art not dead.
At last avenger now is come
Whose voice alone can split the tomb.
Hearest thou not the world throughout
Cry Garibaldi?
One loud shout
Arises, and there needs but one,
To shatter a polluted throne.

Walter Savage Landor